













Sinclair & Co.

920 TONS 920

LEHIGH COAL

SHIPPED THIS SEASON.

WOOD

BY CAR LOAD.

CALL FOR

PRICES

OFFICE, 6TH STREET

or

WOOD & COAL

BUSY, 6TH STREET

and LOUISE AVE., Opposite

Concordant Church.

THE

Red Front Meat

Emporium,

On the Corner of 7th Street  
and River Avenue, is the place to  
buy your meat.

Christmas Supplies

OF Turkeys, Geese, Ducks,  
Chickens, and Choice cuts of  
CHRISTMAS Beef, Lamb,  
Pork and Venison.

ALSO

Rabbits, Fish, Cured Hams  
Bacon, Sausage, Bologna,  
Lard, Etc.

EVERYTHING

FIRST-CLASS QUALITY.

ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

(Telephone No. 10)

G. H. MOTT & Co

GENTLEMEN!

IF YOU WANT YOUR

HORSES SHCD

IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

Call on Wilson

When you will always get the Best Horse  
Showing in the city—where they get all  
the Fast and Best Horses Showed in the  
Last and Best Styles.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

PAUL CO., Contractors, Quarter  
Crack, and other Diseases of the Hoof.

WM. WILSON

NINTH ST., BRANDON.

MUNRO & CO.

HAVE REMOVED

The Liquor Store from the old Store  
near the Central Hotel, to the premises  
now occupied by Smith & Burton.

NINTH ST.

Windsor & Pacific Avenue

They have now full lines of the

BE BRANDS

—OR—

LIQUORS in STOCK,

WE TELL THE

TRUTH

about You, Friend  
or Foe, and give  
you the whole

TRUTH.

and give  
you the whole

TRUTH.

NOTHING BUT THE

TRUTH.

P.M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

THE HERMIT OF THE HOOK.  
A Queer Existence Is That of the Sandy  
Stock Telegraph Operator.

The loneliness and at the same time  
one of the healthiest jobs within some  
distance of this town is that of the man  
who keeps the incoming and outgoing  
cables for the Western Union down  
at Sandy Hook, says the New York Adver-  
tiser. The life led by St. Simon on  
sites on top of his solitary pillar was  
quite exciting compared to it. When  
the Western Union man isn't sleeping  
he is up in his room at the top of a  
steep wooden tower, reached by  
several flights of steps, exclusively  
of his own, where he spends his  
time in gazing at the horizon in the cor-  
ner of the sky.

He has no tools or touches  
at the post office, and when  
no one is there shows up the  
steps to the Sandy Hook from the  
other end of the building regulars  
find him corner of his tower. A tele-  
graph instrument clings incessantly  
to his back, and with it he flashes  
signals of every word that passes  
his lips, either inward or outward  
looking up to town. From three sides  
of his wooden perch he looks upon  
the harbor from the fourth the Hook,  
with its great piles of dredged sand  
visible. The government provi-  
des station and the man, unshod, walks  
over the sand of the ocean floor. He  
climbs back the foot of the tower and  
then the monotonous life begins.

In the winter the life of the Western  
Union man is that of a drowsing  
mariner, freezing ships, outgoing  
ships, the last signal of the  
frozen ocean winds without, and now  
and then a storm.

The summer, though, is a dream of

light. All boats while the rest of

the world is sleeping, regularly after

midnight bring long processions of

city gents to fire the windows, and

at times the roar of the great guns on

the proving grounds to create a passing

distraction.

With the day the telegraph man's

connection with the world below

him is again established in the bucket

of sand, and he comes up to him in

silence, and in either of the bucket

or sand above the wire heone of the

few sounds that break the silence

surrounds him.

NO DUEL IN HIS.

A singular case of robbery headlines a

newspaper's front page.

A sensation has been caused in Hun-  
dred military circles by the attempt  
of a prominent military man to induce  
the chief of police of Brandon, a  
town fifty miles southwest of this city,  
to fight a duel, a duel which I  
have heard of as a casual article, and he  
will not make his decisions of hand  
like a criticism of a comic song. The  
most expert of experts is fallible, any-  
how, and when pictures are turned out  
as, for instance, the French painters of  
the 18th century turned them out, by con-  
trast, so speak, the bad with the  
good, the worthless with the gems, all  
given currency by the magic of a famous  
name, it becomes a matter of impossibility  
to render a decision except in  
case of the most flagrantly apparent  
fraud.

I know a great many canvases of this  
imprint that I would not hang on my  
wall as gifts, but I do not take it upon  
myself to say that these latter are coun-  
terfeits, even did I think so. It is suffi-  
cient for me that they are artistically  
worthless, and but for the palpable  
marks which they do not sell for the value  
of average ratiocinative work in a public sale.  
There are pictures, by Corot, Diaz, Ron-  
saud, etc., in many collections which  
show how well these great men could  
paint when they chose. But the greatest  
men have done, and ever will do,  
work unworthy of them—experiments  
which they are not satisfied with themselves,  
sketches made as memoranda  
and left as such. The artist dies. His  
memoranda are sold.

And the next thing we know they are  
put upon the market.

There is only one point about a great  
deal of this postures, which is that so much  
of it is signed. Artists do not make a  
practice of signing their sketches or  
their incomplete works. Who, then,  
signs them? The mere fact that they are  
signed would go far to show that  
their mark is intrinsic, and dependent  
on the name of the artist rather than  
the quality of his art. If a work of art  
sells on its merits, the question of  
authorship is of no consequence, and all  
our doubts do not lessen the selling  
value of the picture.

Wherever the picture fraud goes he  
leaves a dirty trail. One after another  
he has used up the eastern cities so that  
each season finds him further westward.  
Not only does he prey upon the public  
market for others, but he spoils the  
market for others. A couple of years  
back, for example, Pittsburgh was a fine  
art market. A rich and cultured city,  
just going in for art, she afforded honest  
dealers an opportunity well worth  
advertising by. The bazaar dramma-  
tized the fact and swooped down  
upon it, with its lot lot fine arts and its  
cut price list. Ask any dealer what sort  
of a market Pittsburgh is to-day. The  
most knowing collectors there now  
do not buy any more. The big cities  
in the interior of New York state tell the  
same tale, and it is repeated in Wash-  
ington and in Chicago. There is one  
case in the latter city in which a batch  
of pictures was sold for about thirty  
thousand dollars to a newly-made collector  
by rule of each. If these pictures  
had been genuine, in the size and of the  
quality claimed for them, they could not  
have been bought at even a 50% auction  
for less than double the money,  
and would have sold at private sale  
right here in New York for three times  
as much. Yet the buyer congratulates  
himself on his bargain.

The artist's son got

a girl who can shoot.

Her Uncle Jim S. and her Father from

the Territories for the

In my recent trip to New Mexico in

the interests of the Omaha stock exchange

I witnessed an act of heroism that

I shall never forget," said W. P.

Miller, an Omaha boy.

"The United States was a beautiful and

reared young girl, the daughter of a

father who owned extensive cattle

interests in northern New Mexico. Dur-

ing the vacation she had passed on the

range she had acquired a wonderful

reputation with the rifle, and could

shoot with the accuracy of a field marksman.

One day we were started by

across a clump of brush, and a large one at

that near the edge of a gully, but

we were to be had seriously hurt.

After second down stumbled

boldly into the gully, whether intentionally

or not I don't know. But the

second ranger or his boy immediately

flushed over me. He was too strong

and too determined to let him

get away.

John was bound手足

and gagged

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## FRAUDULENT PICTURES.

Spurious Canvases Palmed Off on  
Credulous People.

Whole Car Loads of Counterfeit Art  
Disposed of in the Leading Cities  
of This Country—A Huge  
Swindle.

Within a month there was a picture  
sale in New York, simply incredible in  
its treacherous malice, says the Collector  
on the subject of fraudulent pictures.  
It was a long line of forgeries of well-  
known and often-famous names. It  
was extensively advertised. The  
licensed auctioneer induced it. The  
pictures belonged to a knavish foreigner  
who runs his artistic business game in  
the respectable neighborhood of Madison  
square. Formerly, I believe, this  
rogue had his forgeries painted in  
Paris, where he has an artistic connec-  
tion.

I am told that he now has them ex-  
hibited here, and so saves himself the  
duty at the custom house. He even  
grudges the country the small tax it  
levies on his swindle. Instead of im-  
porting his forgeries, he imports his  
complaints to execute them. They  
grind the mill around the corner from  
Fifth avenue, instead of in the garrets  
of Montmartre, and the Burlington  
Hotel, nor are his friends confined to New  
York. They are spread over the whole country, and especially  
in the west, where whole careers  
of counterfeiting art are unloosed by  
lottery tickets. The last time I was in Chi-  
cago, I heard a big board of trade man  
exclaim, "What for Diaz?"  
"For thousand dollars for that Diaz?"  
"I exclaim, "why, I bought one from  
Sandusky last week for four hundred  
dollars, and it was twice the size."

I do not believe in these impeachable  
gentlemen who stand around a gallery  
denouncing this, that and the other as  
fraudulent and false at a glance. I  
never met one of them who could satisfy  
me that he had any greater proofs  
than his own conceit to support him.  
To detect a forgery in art a man must  
be a man of unusual tact, and he  
will not make his decisions of hand  
like a criticism of a comic song. The  
most expert of experts is fallible, any-  
how, and when pictures are turned out  
as, for instance, the French painters of  
the 18th century turned them out, by con-  
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